

# The Times-Dispatch

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THURSDAY, JULY 21, 1910.

## THE COLONEL FOR SLEEP.

The Colonel has not made up his mind exactly as to how deep he will venture into the political waters. He is probably beginning to realize that he is growing the least bit stale with the public. A three-ring performance rarely lasts more than two hours, and the people who go to the circus are all tucked out when the show is over. We have had nothing but the Colonel for weeks and months and years. He has been overdoing the business, and we sometimes fancy that he has reached that "conclusion himself." Of course, there are millions of people who still think that he is a greater man than John the Baptist, Julius Caesar, Alexander the Great, Hannibal, Napoleon, George Washington, Seth Low, Jack Johnson, William Muldoon, Cone Johnson and Dr. Frederick A. Cook, the Original Discoverer of the North Pole, all rolled into one. We are half-way inclined to agree with them, whether he is clothed in a white duck suit or in the worn khaki uniform with which he astonished the Emperor of Germany. But, as we have intimated, and as we believe, he is growing a little stale.

From the brash way in which he told Grismom what he wanted the New York Legislature to do with the primary bill, one would have thought that those who ventured to run contrary to his wishes would receive his undying displeasure; that he would "eat 'em alive." But the clouds have cleared away. Barnes, Wadsworth and Tim Woodruff, in his latest "week," have all been down to Oyster Bay or to The Outlook office, and with "nothing doing." Then there was Polindexter, who came away from Sagamore Hill believing in his heart that the Colonel would help him in his race for United States Senator away out in Washington State. Polindexter made a mistake. Then dear old Loeb approached into the Presence, and actually had the nerve to decline becoming a candidate for Governor of New York. Of course, there has been an almost steady stream of callers of one sort and another, and all kinds of stories have leaked out about what was going to happen here and there and yonder, and still there is "nothing doing."

The Colonel is getting his itinerary ready. He is going out to Cheyenne, where a thousand cowboys, or so, are to give an exhibition in roping steers for his entertainment. Then he is going down to Atlanta to the "Uncle Remus" celebration, and, following the example of one of Joel Chandler Harris's finest creations, "Brer Rabbit, he lay low." Then there is the chance that he may come to Richmond upon the invitation of Giles Jackson to speak at the Colored Fair here, and in the meantime, and all the time and between times, he is as busy as a bee in a tar bucket. We are glad of it. We really do not care what happens. The more we have of this sort of thing the sooner will the Colonel strike the ceiling; praise God!

The latest information, and it is well not to believe anything one hears nowadays about what the Colonel says and does, is that he has announced his intention not to take part in the nomination of anybody for any office anywhere, reserving to himself the right to say what he pleases about the nominations after they have been made. He intends to make a speech for his nephew, Theodore Robinson, in New York, and we think that is a good thing for him to do. Robinson is a fine fellow. But, coming nearer home, the story is that the Colonel has consented to make a speech in Bristol on October 7, while he is on his Southern tour, in behalf of the Hon. C. Bascom Slamp, the Republican candidate for Congress in the Ninth Virginia District. "It is expected," according to a Bristol dispatch to The Times-Dispatch, "that he will discuss politics here and urge the re-election of Slamp." This is interesting, however unimportant. There ought to be some fireworks a little later about the office of the Roanoke Times, which has been inclined heretofore to regard the Colonel with something akin to a feeling of awe.

What business has he mixing in Virginia politics? What does he know about the situation in this State? Why should he come all the way down here to tell the people of the Ninth District for whom they should vote? What does he know about Henry Stuart, the Democratic candidate for Congress in that district? Why should he attempt to throw his influence to Slamp? "What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?" The Colonel is overdoing the business. We do not stand in the slightest need of any counsel or assistance from him in the management of the political affairs of this Commonwealth. If he must make political speeches, let him speak for Beveridge, or denounce Tim Woodruff, or conserve Gifford Pinchot.

## ANOTHER COLORED COLLECTOR.

President Taft's appointment of Whitefield McKinley, a blue-eyed, freckled-faced colored man, hailing originally from Charleston, to be collector of customs at the port of Georgetown was a blunder, unless he is acceptable to the people of the community he will serve. In that case there would be little or nothing to say, but even in a town where there is no such thing as local self-government it would be well always to consult the wishes of the community. This course does not appear to have been followed in the present case, as we are told by the New York Evening Post that McKinley "was strongly recommended to the President by negroes throughout the country, among them being Dr. W. D. Crum, ex-collector of the port of Charleston, who was recently appointed as minister to Liberia." We are further told that "strong opposition to the appointment of a negro to the collectorship developed when it was reported here (at Washington) last week that a colored man might get the place." What had the "negroes throughout the country" to do with an appointment to a Federal office almost purely local in character? Did they urge his appointment on the ground of ability or on the ground of color? Is he the best fitted man for the office? Does he live in Georgetown? What relation does he bear to the people of that community and to the business men who have dealings through the office he has been appointed to administer?

It looks to us as if the President has made a sad mistake, and doubtless the Senate will help him to correct it when the appointment comes up for confirmation at the next executive session of that body. We had hoped that Dr. Crum's experience in such matters would have restrained him from further political activity of this sort.

## BRYAN.

"Who will care for Bryan now?" asks the New York Sun. We, we care for him; we always have cared for him, and always will care for him while we draw this stammering breath. We have always liked him, and we shall stay by him to the end. We have thought several times, three times, to be exact, that it was all over with him; but not so, not so. He has come back every time and come back loaded with new issues every time. It is not his fault that the Republicans have sequestered his planks and there is nothing that he can invent that the Republicans will not steal if they can get the chance; but he is moving on his wonders to perform, and accomplishing by means of the common enemy the engraving upon our institutions of the disordered creatures of his imagination.

Having driven the Republicans to the practical adoption of Government ownership of the railroads, the guaranteeing of bank deposits and the election of Senators by popular vote, in spots, he may be expected now to compel them to adopt the policy of prohibition. He has not been able to accomplish much, working through the Democratic party; but he has done better by making the Republicans do what his own party would not do. After he gets all these things out of his system, it is our sincere hope that he will be clothed and in his right mind again and able to do valiant battle against his own issues, to the advancement of pure Democracy throughout the world. If we can only run him again in 1912 and 1916, we shall have him trimmed about right for the great struggle of 1920, the year of Armageddon.

## THE TRICENTENARY OF ST. JOHN'S.

Impressive indeed must have been the ceremonies commemorating the three hundredth anniversary of the founding of St. John's Church at Hampton, known in the earlier days of this State as the Church of Kecoughtan, from the fact that when John Smith came to Virginia, the Kecoughtan was the Indian king in dominion over the land where the Church stood. The Church building remained until 1667, when it was razed by order of the congregation, and the new one erected at Pembroke, which was used until St. John's was built in 1728. The foundations of the first house of worship were, by a happy coincidence, discovered this year by Jacob Heffelfinger, senior warden of St. John's, an antiquarian, who for forty-eight years has been a member of the congregation.

The memorial exercises consisted of addresses, and the usual religious ceremonies prescribed for such occasion. They took place at the site recently determined upon as that of the first Church. After all else was over, the Rev. Reverdy Estill, in the presence of some five hundred people, dedicated the grounds, according to the custom of the Episcopal Church, and then the choir sang "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

The most interesting address made was that of Senior Warden Heffelfinger, who traced the history of the Church from 1610 down to the present time. Many sidelights illuminated what he said, and not the least valuable of these was his statement that "about 1619 came over the three old pieces of communion silver now at St. John's." All three pieces bear the "hall mark" of 1618. This plate has been in use in America longer than any other Church plate. "Again," said Mr. Heffelfinger, "in 1635, Benjamin Symes gave two hundred acres of land, with milk and increase of eight cows for the maintenance of a learned and honest man to keep on the said ground a free school for the education and instruction of the children of the adjoining parishes of Elizabeth City and Kington. This is the first legacy of an English colonist in America for the cause of education, antedating John Harvard, of Massachusetts, by four years. The Symes bequest was acknowledged by Assembly in March, 1643."

Three hundred years of service to

God, through which the Church has been a never-failing bulwark against war and internal dissension, suffering many reverses, was indeed a worthy cause for commemoration. The record of old St. John's is interwoven with the lives of many men and women by whose good works the Commonwealth was upheld.

## POSTAL RECEIPTS.

The people of Louisville, New Orleans and Atlanta must be great letter writers, for a fact, as, according to the reports of the last fiscal year, the postal receipts in Atlanta were \$989,503; at Louisville, \$985,716, and at New Orleans, \$982,564.

The Charlotte Observer has figured it out that Atlanta does about twice as much post-office business per capita as Louisville and about three times as much as New Orleans. This is very encouraging and speaks well for the tremendous epistolary fecundity of the Georgia town. The reports will doubtless show, however, that there is a good deal more business done in Louisville and New Orleans than in Atlanta.

The post-office receipts at Richmond last year, not including any of the outlying territory, aggregated \$636,226.32. This was doing pretty well for Richmond, and the business was all its own.

## JUST LIKE OUR OWN PEOPLE.

The people down in Bogota are getting to be very United Statesian in their respect for law and order. When the "American" company resumed the operation of its street car service on Tuesday, the people behaved for all the world as if they lived in Philadelphia, except that, when the report from which we quote closed, no "American" lives appear to have been lost.

## VAN CLEAVE IS DEAD.

It is a common saying that "no man is missed" after he dies. This, in general speaking, a faithful saying; but it is not always true. For example, if Van Cleave had lived, the Bucks Lodge and Range concern would not have lost all they have fought for by yielding to the demands of the Gompers crowd. Their surrender appears to have been unconditional. Van Cleave would turn over in his grave if he knew it. What effect, if any, the settlement of the controversy will have on the contempt case of Gompers remains to be seen. All suits, it is said, have been withdrawn; but there has been no understanding with the Court, we believe, that the settlement touched the matter of contempt. There could have been no understanding with the Court on this point. The Court has declared that Gompers and his associates were in contempt, and the Court must have known whether they were or not. The question now is what is the Supreme Court, to which appeal was taken, going to do about it? From whatever point it is viewed, the situation is embarrassing.

An entertaining story is printed this week by the Southwestern Times in regard to Lieutenant Gilmer, of the United States Navy, who owns "Valerion," in Albemarle county. The story is that his grandfather was once Secretary of the Navy. We wonder how many people in Virginia to-day, outside of professional historians and the bare handful of students of Virginia history, could tell anything about Lieutenant Gilmer's grandfather, Thomas Walker Gilmer. He was a Virginian, and an eminent one in his day and generation. There is something unique and tragic in his history, for he was appointed Secretary of the Navy in President Tyler's Cabinet but ten days before he was killed, along with other Cabinet officers, by the bursting of a gun on board the United States steamer "Princeton." President Tyler narrowly escaped death on the same occasion. For a year Gilmer was Governor of Virginia, and before that he was Speaker of the House. He went into the Cabinet from the Congress. John Y. Mason succeeded him as Secretary of the Navy.

live withn hearing of the bells of Saint Michael or the chimes of Saint Matthews.

Of course, McKeand has a hard job. That is why he was selected for it, and if he would only catch the spirit of the place, go to Saint Michael's on Sunday occasionally, become a regular attendant at the Scotch Cathedral, contemplate the remnant of the old city wall in Marion Square, pay due reverence to the stone steps at the Battery, now soon to be displaced by the iconoclastic hand of Goodwyn Rhett, join the Commercial Club, affiliate with the Elks, keep clear of the tightwads, and work all the time, he will thank a propitious heaven for the opportunity of leaving Oklahoma City to be numbered among the saints in the City of the Sea.

## THE RAILROADS IN TEXAS.

Governor Campbell, of Texas, it is reported, will submit to the Legislature of that State, which has just been called in special session, a proposition to reduce the railroad passenger fare to 2 cents the mile. The fare is now 3 cents. An unsuccessful effort was made at the last regular and special sessions of the Legislature to reduce it to 2 cents, as the Governor had recommended, but the mere fact that the Governor of Texas has recommended a 2-cent instead of a 3-cent fare does not convince anyone, outside of Texas, at least, that he knew what he was about.

We have always contended that the railroads should not be compelled to transport passengers at less than the cost of the service, and we do not believe that the rate of 2 cents the mile is a sufficient compensation for this service, particularly in the thinly settled regions of the country.

The population of Texas, by the census of 1900, was a little over 11 people to the square mile, counting whites and blacks, Greasers and all. The population of New York, by the same census, was 152.6 people to the square mile; the population of Massachusetts was 348.9; the population of New Jersey was 250.3, and the population of Rhode Island was 407. The population of Virginia, by the same census, was 46.2 people to the square mile, and the population of South Carolina was 44.4. Manifestly a rate for passenger transportation that would be possible in New York, Rhode Island, New Jersey and Massachusetts at 2 cents the mile could not be afforded in Texas or Virginia or South Carolina.

We regret that our lawmakers do not take a rational view on some subjects, at least.

## WE ARE SOON FORGOTT.

An entertaining story is printed this week by the Southwestern Times in regard to Lieutenant Gilmer, of the United States Navy, who owns "Valerion," in Albemarle county. The story is that his grandfather was once Secretary of the Navy. We wonder how many people in Virginia to-day, outside of professional historians and the bare handful of students of Virginia history, could tell anything about Lieutenant Gilmer's grandfather, Thomas Walker Gilmer. He was a Virginian, and an eminent one in his day and generation. There is something unique and tragic in his history, for he was appointed Secretary of the Navy in President Tyler's Cabinet but ten days before he was killed, along with other Cabinet officers, by the bursting of a gun on board the United States steamer "Princeton." President Tyler narrowly escaped death on the same occasion. For a year Gilmer was Governor of Virginia, and before that he was Speaker of the House. He went into the Cabinet from the Congress. John Y. Mason succeeded him as Secretary of the Navy.

## CONGRESSIONAL STATIONERY.

If we may paraphrase the saying of the stout and smiling politician who once asked "What Constitution between friends?" we are inclined to think that "economy is nothing between Congressmen." In voting themselves salary increases, gilt and mahogany offices, and in printing in the Congressional Record speeches they never made and speeches made by all sorts of other persons, they remind us of the mutual kind regard and the entente cordiale that existed between the Governors and Legislatures in the days of the carpet-bagger in the South, when about thrice a week the Legislatures used to vote a "bounty" to the Governors in appreciation of their services and "statecraft."

Inspection of the many things supplied free to Congressmen under the cloak name of "stationery," intensifies the belief that where they personally are concerned, Congressmen have agreed to agree that there is no such thing as economy. Mere paper and envelopes constitute the most insignificant item in the congressional definition of stationery. Here is a list of some of the articles that pass as stationery, according to Arthur Street in the Sunset Magazine:

"Playing cards, including whist and bridge sets; poker chips, pocketbooks and purses, shears and scissors, hand bags, suit cases, souvenir bags, vanity cases, nail clips, files and brushes, manicure sets, safety razors and extra blades, matches, wedding announcement cards, postcard albums, photograph envelopes, hunting knife, cuff cases, button box, glove stretcher, hand box, sewing box, shopping bag, cigar lighter, jewel case, ash tray, opera bags, quinine pills, listerine, peroxide of hydrogen, pepsin, trional, soda tablets, witch hazel, smelling salts, ammonia, cough drops, antikam-

nia, Jamaica ginger, vaseline, olive oil, castor plaster, rose extract, brilliantine, kahlitz powders, bromo seltzer, etc."

Now, what we should like to know is who are the users of such articles as these? Champ Clark has confessed to his home people that he has been "a better man" since he went to Congress, and it cannot be that he has ever ordered any of the articles of stationery such as poker chips, bridge sets, and bromo seltzer. We should not be at all surprised to find that the Hon. Bascom Slamp has already laid in a good stock of that soothing witch hazel, with which to allay the soreness he is sure to feel after the election in the Ninth is over. The Jewel cases may have all been used up by Nelson W. Aldrich, and the postcard albums would suit Cabot Lodge, intimate friends of the Colonel, for we are told that the Colonel has been sending postal cards to all his friends with a thrilling picture of the tomb of Napoleon gazing on him.

Just what Senators or Representatives want with pass cases is a mystery, which could be solved, however, by the Hon. B. R. Tillman, Senator from South Carolina, who used to "cuss" the railroads and carry passes at the same time. The manicure sets may be all right, but if it were told in the highways and by-ways of Arkansas that Jeffries Davis had ever supplied himself with one, Jeffries would lie himself back to the hills. Senator Ellison D. Smith, of South Carolina, surely could not have called his own shoes shopping bags and glove stretchers.

We know who the listerine, the quinine pills, pepsin, trional, soda tablets, ammonia, antikamnia, Jamaica ginger, vaseline, smelling salts and castor plaster are for. They are for the especial and particular use of the Hon. Joseph Glavis Cannon, when the Insurgents and Democratic majority "cast their cold and glittering eyes at him" in the next House.

## GOT 'EM AGAIN.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch: Sir, I am under the impression that Governor William Hoopes Mann was the proper and only one who could name the successor to our lamented John W. Daniel. When was this honor delegated to you? I am under the impression we have other good men. I have no newspaper to call the public's attention to other men, but some of us would love to see our distinguished and much-beloved fellow citizen, A. J. Montague, named for the position he is so eminently qualified to fill. W. G. M. Richmond, July 19.

This is an interesting communication. The Times-Dispatch has not tried to influence Governor Mann in his appointment of United States Senator from this State. It has expressed no opinion whatever as to whom he should appoint. It has given from time to time simply a fair report of the situation and the indications. That is all. We have never assumed any authority in the premises. We have not gone to the extent even of our correspondent and settled upon any one of our distinguished and much-beloved fellow-citizens as the one man, in a State that is fairly sagging with the over-burden of senatorial timber, eminently qualified to fill John Daniel's place. We have been so careful not to assume any "honor" in this situation, that we have refrained from suggesting even that Jones, or Smith, or Brown, or Robinson was "the proper and only one" upon whom Governor Mann should fix his eagle eye.

Our correspondent has no newspaper of his own, it is true, and in order that he may be relieved of this embarrassment and of his unwarranted suspicion that The Times-Dispatch was attempting to lead Governor Mann in this matter, we print his letter in this conspicuous place, thanking him, notwithstanding our scars, for the opportunity of affording him this means of communication with the public, and particularly with Governor Mann, a regular reader, we are pleased to say, of these sprightly and always entertaining columns.

The progress of aviation is almost startling. In Spandau, Germany, a lighthouse for airships is being erected. It will have thirty-eight powerful incandescent lights to point out the way to the aviator lost in the fog or in the night.

Jim Jeffries, who wrests duets from defeat, ought at least to lend a little money to the people who bet their railroad fare on him. James Cooke, of Fairfax, bet even his hat and shoes on the ballmaker, and had to walk all the way from Washington to Fairfax, hatless and barefooted.

Those who think Texas is a happy valley of peace will be rudely shocked to read the flaring headline in the Roanoke Times, topping a story of the week before the extra session of the Texas Legislature, "Fire and Liquor Agitate Texas."

If the Roanoke Times think so well of the Colonel, it should invite him down to its town after he makes that speech for Slamp at Bristol in October. Henry Stuart would probably be pleased to see him, and as the visit could be made of a purely social character, Slamp would take pleasure, doubtless, in helping to receive him.

One of the latest reports from Charleston is that some of the unconquered claim that the destructiveness of the recent fire in that town was increased by the use of Goose Creek water, it being asserted that the chemicals used in the purification of the water simply added fuel to the flames. In view of the vast quantity of the water actually used on the fire, the wonder is that the whole place was not burned down. Water that will not put out fire is one of the peculiarities of "dear old Charleston," which, as the old bard sang, "is a funny place and full of funny people."

# Daily Queries and Answers

Address all communications for this column to Query Editor, Times-Dispatch. No mathematical problems will be solved, no coins or stamps valued and no dealers' names will be given.

**Auto License.**  
 To whom must I apply for a State automobile license?  
 Write to the Secretary of the Commonwealth, Richmond.

**Cornmeal as a Beautifier.**  
 Is it true that cornmeal is good for the complexion?  
 It is said to be, but we cannot recommend it.

**"Fardale."**  
 Please answer the following questions in your paper:  
 1. Is there a boys' military academy called Fardale Military Academy in the United States?  
 2. Is there a city or town called Fardale?  
 3. Is there a girl's school in this place, and the name of it?  
 4. If there is a girl's school in Oklahoma which is reasonable, kindly publish its name. A VIRGINIAN.

**Morgan's Marriage.**  
 What is a Morganian marriage?  
 A marriage in which a man of superior rank marries a woman of inferior rank, and she agrees that she and her children shall bear the rank, or the possessions of the husband, or the children are legitimate. Such unions do not take place in America.

**Virginia's Secession.**  
 When did Virginia secede, and by what vote?  
 April 17, 1861. The vote in convention was 181 to 55, subject to a vote of the people, who, on May 23, 1861, ratified the action of the convention.

**Disposition of the Seal of the Confederate Army.**  
 What became of the official seal of the Confederate States?  
 It is said to have been destroyed by Judah P. Benjamin when the Confederate government dissolved.

**Lord Rosebery IS RECONCILED.**

BY LA MARQUISE DE FONTENAY.  
 LORD ROSEBERY has become reconciled to the Liberal government, and the compromise effected between the Liberal and the Unionist leaders at conferences brought about by King George, with the assistance of the earl, for the purpose of putting an end to the constitutional crisis and legislative deadlock. An indication of this altered condition of affairs is to be found in the fact that Lord Rosebery has accepted, at the hands of the fifth administration, the office of special ambassador to the court of Vienna to announce to Emperor Francis Joseph the accession to the throne of George V. Former Minister of Foreign Affairs and former Premier, a Knight of the Garter and of the Order of the Thistle, Lord Rosebery may be relied upon, with his exceptional knowledge of continental life and his great wealth, to be a most successful ambassador. The Rothschild heiresses—to fulfill his mission with exceptional state and splendor and will be received with unusual distinction at the court of Vienna. A sona grata, both in official and in court circles.

Lord Granard, who is master of the horse to the King, has been appointed as special ambassador for similar purposes to the courts of Brussels, The Hague, Copenhagen, Christiania, Stockholm, Madrid, Rome, Vienna, and Berlin. Accompanied by Lady Granard, who is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Mills, while Field Marshal Lord Roberts is being seen as a special ambassador to Berlin, St. Petersburg, Dresden, Constantinople, Sofia and Bucharest. Each special ambassador will be accompanied by a staff of military dignitaries and one of the officials of the Foreign Office. The ambassador will return home laden with orders of knighthood and with gifts presented to them by the various sovereigns whom they have visited.

Colonel Oscar von Chelius, who has just been appointed aide-de-camp to the Kaiser, is no stranger at the court of Berlin, and has been for many years a great favorite of both the Emperor and Empress, and as the Kaiser's own body guard, he is the principal assistant of the Emperor in the organization of all the musical and theatrical performances, especially the private ones, invariably playing the piano accompaniment for the singing of William himself, of Princess Albert and of the Emperor's children. The Kaiser's wife is still a member of the immediate circle of the Kaiser at Potsdam.

Colonel von Chelius, for his part, has been the life and soul of the "Potsdam-Berlin Wagner Society," one of the most important social institutions of the Prussian capital, and has been a good deal of fame as the composer of the very popular opera, "Hansel and Gretel," which was performed at the court of the Emperor and Empress, and as the Kaiser's own body guard, he is the principal assistant of the Emperor in the organization of all the musical and theatrical performances, especially the private ones, invariably playing the piano accompaniment for the singing of William himself, of Princess Albert and of the Emperor's children. The Kaiser's wife is still a member of the immediate circle of the Kaiser at Potsdam.

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King Edward's order forbidding crown-women to ride astride in Rotten Row, and which George V. has proclaimed his intention of maintaining in force, owes its origin to a discussion between himself and Lady Constance Stewart Richardson of bare-legged Greek dance and athletic contest celebrity. On one occasion, while the late King was on a visit at Eaton Hall to the Duke and Duchess of Westminister, a meet of the Royal Hunt was held on the lawn in his honor. Lady Constance appeared upon the scene, riding a grey horse, and she was known her ever since a child, remonstrated with her, whereupon she laughingly replied that even he was powerless to stop the dance.

"I can stop it in my own park, however," declared the King, and forthwith gave the order that no grown woman riding astride should be permitted in Hyde Park, or in any other of the royal parks.

For it must thoroughly be understood that the King and Queen, howsoever they may be, are not to be taken into consideration in the matter of the royal parks.

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